Med Miss

The Call of the Great Physician

SARA SEWARD HOSPITAL

ALLAHABAD, INDIA

Twenty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-five patients treated by the physicians in charge of the hospital and dispensary at Allahabad, for the year 1901.

The Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America

156 FIFTH AVENUE ∴ NEW YORK CITY

The Call of the Great Physician.

ARA SEWARD, hearing the call of the Great Physician, gladly obeyed and went to Allahabad, India, as a medical missionary. Allahabad is situated at the junction of the sacred rivers, the Ganges and the Jumna. It is a city of nearly two millions of inhabitants. Sara Seward labored long and earnestly in this city, seeking to relieve the suffering of the body while she was leading precious souls to Jesus Christ, the Great Physician. She died a victim to cholera, and the "Sara Seward Hospital" is the visible monument to her memory. The invisible monument is in the hearts and lives of thousands of people to whom she came as an angel of light. The hospital was not completed till a year ago. It is a beautiful building, a picture of which you see on the front page.

Other godly women have followed in the footsteps of Sara Seward, and now every day hundreds of patients are treated at the hospital and dispensary. Early in the morning in the operating-room (see photo) the physicians and nurses and the Christian patients meet, kneel on the hard stone floor and ask God's blessing for the day's work. The patients who assemble in the waiting-room, awaiting their turn to see the physician, have the gospel preached to them. Each prescription given has a Scripture text printed upon it. No patient stays in the hospital without hearing the Word of God. The atmosphere of the hospital is Christian; the aim is not only to relieve the suffering of the body, but to heal the soul.

Many children are brought to the hospital and dispensary. Before being admitted they must be cleaned up as seen in the

CLEANING UP.

picture. Last year fifty famine orphans were cared for. Some of these were so weak and sickly when they came that ere long they died.

There are beautiful homes for orphan children at Allahabad, at Fatehgarh, at Etawah, and other cities near, and when sickness comes the missionary physician from the hospital goes to aid these little sufferers, or they are brought and lovingly cared for in this most beautiful home for sick ones.

Often the patients are very ill, and must be brought, not in an ambulance, as in America, but in a *purdah dooly*. You see a photograph of one in the picture. A *dooly* is like a low stool swung by four diverging sticks from a pole carried on the shoulders of two men. Over the cage-like structure swung from the pole is the *purdah* or curtain. Patients are carried a long distance in this curious basket-like wagon. At

HOW PATIENTS ARE BROUGHT TO THE HOSPITAL —A PURDAH DOOLY.

times the little sufferers find the journey very tiresome, but the good physician is careful to have many pillows and blankets, so that the jolting will be as little as possible. It is sometimes weeks and even months before the sick ones can leave the hospital and go back home. During this time they are taught the gospel, and many of them go home not merely healed of their bodily disease, but with the love of Christ in their hearts.

The missionary doctor needs much help. A year ago a training-school for nurses was organized, and now there are many young girls who are being trained to nurse the patients and so help in the blessed work.

In the photograph are two girls who are being trained to take their places as nurses. The names of these nurses are Umrao and Champa. The history of Champa is very interesting. Both of these girls heard the call of the Great Physician. Champa, the girl on the right, is a high-caste Brahman. When only eight years of age she was compelled by her parents to be married. At twelve years she was a mother. She went to live, as is the custom in India, with her husband's mother. The family were very poor. Little Champa was the slave. They lived in a small mud house of two rooms, a verandah and a courtyard, with

UMRAO AND CHAMPA, NURSES.

several boxes, native beds and cooking utensils as the only furniture. Two shrill parrots in the yard added to the noise of the women's quarreling. Champa was scolded by her mother-in-law, tormented by her sisters-in-law, snubbed by all the family, including her husband. He was a poor, worthless fellow, and after a time left home to become a wandering beggar. His family drove her from the house. Never before had she been out of doors alone. She first thought of jumping into a well and drowning herself. A kind missionary, one who had heard the call of the Great Physician, met her and took her to the hospital. Champa said that she was willing to become a nurse. The doctor set her to work making ointment in which pig's fat was used. Now a pig is the animal much hated by high-caste Hindus. It was hard work for Champa to control her feelings as she toiled away with that lard. She would not eat with the rest of the nurses and helpers in the hospital, and she worshipped her idols—gods of stone, brass and wood. The godly life of the missionaries and their loving words about Jesus opened her heart. One day some of the friends brought to the medical missionary some candy. She shared it with the others in the hospital. At first Champa said—"I cannot eat it, even for Christ's sake, lest I break my caste." Most girls and boys in America find candy very easy to eat, but for Champa to eat candy meant giving up her old religion. At last she turned, the tears came in her eyes, she took the candy and ate it, and then besought the missionary to lead her to Jesus Christ. It was not long ere she was baptized and boldly accepted Christ as her Saviour. Now she is in the Jumna High School, receiving an education which will fit her better to follow the call of the Great Physician. She hopes to become a nurse in the Sara Seward Hospital.

Much work has to be done by the nurses and helpers. The laundry, of which we have a picture, is on the banks of the river, where they take the soiled clothes and beat them till they become clean.

All the patients, who are able, pay a little for their food and medicine, but in addition they are very grateful for the kind-

ness shown to them. Dr. Bertha T. Caldwell, the missionary now in charge of the hospital, last year received many presents from the patients, showing their gratitude. One woman brought a dozen eggs, all of which were nearly hatched. A Mohammedan chief of police, whose wife had been cured at the hospital, gave every one connected with the hospital a gift of money or perfumery, or silk handkerchiefs, vases, pickles, and to some he gave a dish called *chutney*, which is a sort of sweet fruit pickle with lots of pepper in it.

HOSPITAL LAUNDRY.

One woman, after her recovery from her operation, served the doctor with tea, stirring the sugar into the tea with her finger in place of a spoon. One brought a sick chicken, because she thought the doctor might be able to cure it. Another, who had been to a wedding, brought little bits of the different kinds of food served at the wedding. Others wrote letters, some of which were very strange. One wrote: "Honored Sir: I thank you first, and the blessed God also, that you have succeeded in making my wife sneeze. She has not been able to have a cold for ten years, and through your successful and wonderful treatment she is now able to sneeze all she wishes to. I cannot find words to express my gratitude, as life is much more bearable in my home since she can sneeze. I shall ever pray for your long life and prosperity."

There are patients who are either unwilling to leave their home or who are too ill to be taken to the doctor, and the doctor

visits them. She goes in an *ekka*. (See picture.) The *ekka* is a two-wheeled, one-horse, often springless conveyance, which also has a *purdah*, or curtain, drawn over it, in front of which sits the driver, with his feet hanging at the horse's tail, and the woman or other occupant sits on the floor of the vehicle inside. It is not easy riding, but the faithful physician, after a long day in the hospital, will ride miles in an *ekka* that she may relieve the sufferings of some poor Hindu woman and lead her to put her trust in Jesus Christ, the Great Physician. Into every home she visits she takes the gospel of Christ. The rooms are often dark, gloomy, filthy and full of most unpleasant odors, but because the missionary has heard the call of the Great Physician she is willing to bear all things, and endure all things, to lead others to Him. Once she was asked by a woman to give medicine to cure her sorrow over the loss of an only son. The poor woman had been on long and weary pilgrimages seeking peace, but had come back to her desolate home with a broken heart. The gospel is the only medicine for sorrow-stricken souls. At times she goes to the homes of the wealthy, for, alas! they, too, need the Great Physician of the soul.

AN EKKA.

The "Sara Seward Hospital" is only one of twenty hospitals and dispensaries in India under the care of the Presbyterian Board. India is only one of many countries where our medical missionaries have gone, obeying the call of the Great Physician. In Africa the Board has five hospitals and dispensaries; in China, thirty-one; in Korea, eight; in Persia,

six; in the Philippine Islands, one; in Siam, five; in Laos, five. In all there are more than eighty hospitals and dispensaries, where thousands of poor, suffering men, women and children are cared for by the medical missionary and are told of the Great Physician. No work in the world is more Christ-like than that which is done by these devoted followers of their Master.

Is it not a pleasure to help in such a good work? Have you ever heard the call of the Great Physician? Would you not like to go at His command to some foreign land? All of us cannot go, but all can give our sympathy, our prayer and our money to make known to the dying millions that—

"The Great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus."

SARA SEWARD HOSPITAL (REAR VIEW).

Two large windows on second floor are in the operating-room.

"The hospital is the ripe fruit of civilized society, and the crowning glory of religion. The very best thing a man can do in this world is to help his brother man in distress."—*New York Evening Post.*